

Vol. 2

No. 4



ADULTS
ONLY



STRIPARAMA

featuring: AMERICA'S FOREMOST BURLESQUE BEAUTIES

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR



EXCLUSIVE: Grand Premiere
of
The NEW Minsky Follies!!!





STRIPARAMA

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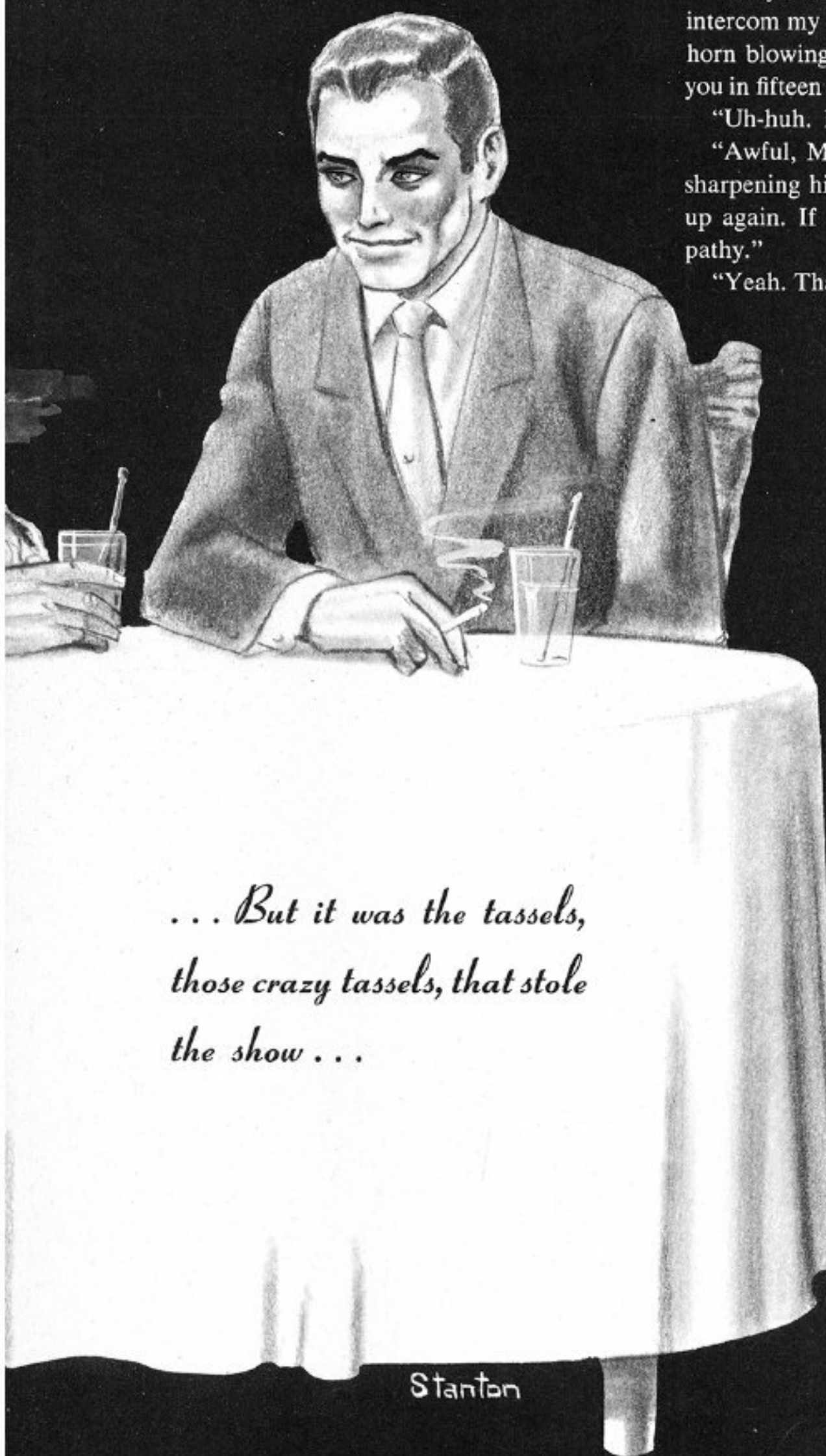


FLASH!!! MINSKY RETURNS TO BROADWAY!!!
... See page 7 for the big scoop ...

TASSELS



by Lee Garamond



*... But it was the tassels,
those crazy tassels, that stole
the show ...*

Stanton

"He just came in, Mr. Wilson." Over the office intercom my secretary's voice sounded like Gabriel's horn blowing a quarter-tone flat. "He wants to see you in fifteen minutes."

"Uh-huh. Fifteen minutes. Pretty bad?"

"Awful, Mr. Wilson. Like a medieval headsman sharpening his ax. I guess maybe his ulcer is acting up again. If you're the victim, you have my sympathy."

"Yeah. Thanks, baby ..."

I clicked the intercom off and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers. Sympathy — oh sure — a lot of good *that* was. If all the people in the world agreed to sympathize with one guy at the same time, they couldn't even cure his headache. And what I had was a helluva lot worse than a mere aching head.

Okay, so he was here and he wanted to see me in fifteen minutes. Fifteen lousy minutes — and it behooved hell out of me to come up with a fancy alibi in that short span. An alibi — *or else*.

Oh brother ...

Because it just so happens that *he* in question is the president of Appleton Advertising. The big boss. The fellow who goes around with a worried look on his subordinate's faces. And if ever there was a face with a worried look, it was mine. Me — Tommy Wilson — boy wonder of Mad Avenue.

Boy wonder — *hah!* I could already feel the freshly sharpened blade of that ax coming down on my neck. And it sure was going to be rough on my button-down Hathaway shirt and brand-new Sulka tie. In fifteen minutes they'd be soaked in blood.

Yeah. My blood ...

Because I didn't have an alibi. And I didn't stand a chance of

cooking one up, at least not one that would survive the fishy-eyed glare of the big boss. The Busby Mills account was gone. Not postponed or delayed or tabled for the future, but gone. *Real* gone.

As of 11:43 P.M. last night . . .

It's a funny business, all right. Last night I was sitting on top of the world, with the North Pole tickling my fanny and the Busby Mills account practically in the palm of my hand. Eph and Tommy, we were calling each other, not Mr. Busby and Mr. Wilson — and jolly old Ephraim Busby was within inches of signing on the dotted line. He was treating me like a long-lost buddy, and I had visions in glorious Technicolor — mostly green, like in money — of one nice big fat bonus for the evening's work.

And I deserved it, too . . .

Yeah. Even if I have to say so myself. Because a lot of advance preparation had gone into that one evening. Now I'm no genius, and let me be the first to admit it. I don't plan advertising campaigns — I leave that to the creative wizards, those artists and copywriters who pour their sweat into every layout. But when the masterminds are all done, well, it's Mrs. Wilson's little boy Tommy who has to sell their finished product.

Believe me, it's no snap . . .

Oh, I really worked on the Busby Mills account. Sure, the geniuses had produced some fine ideas, a damn good advertising campaign, but from there on in it was strictly up to me. And it was Ephraim Busby himself who was my target.

When it comes to selling, I'm a great believer in the personal touch. Wining and dining the prospective client is okay as far as it goes, but

there's got to be a little extra something to seal the bargain. At least I've always found it so. And in Busby's case, well, I was the guy who had taken the time and trouble to find out what that extra something was.

Ephraim Busby was a burlesque buff. A fan from way back, the kind of fellow who keeps a scrapbook of strippers' pictures and will travel miles out of his way just to see one of his favorites perform. Of course, old-time burlesque is dead in this modern day and age — much to Ephraim's regret — but the girls still peeled in nightclubs and he never missed the chance to catch them in action. So when I found out that Tassels Brady was one of his *favorite* favorites, well, I knew I had it made.

Because Tassels is a buddy of mine . . .

Oh, the plans I made last night were perfect. I phoned Tassels ahead of time and told her the score. And Tassels was certainly agreeable — sure, she'd be glad to give me a helping hand with my client. She'd be glad to meet him and sit at our table and kind of pitch her performance in his direction. Anything to help out a buddy. And besides, wasn't Ephraim Busby the old boy who was known to have more loot stashed away from than Fort Knox?

Yeah, everything went off great. By the time I got old Eph to the Moonray Club he was so excited he could hardly see straight. This was going to be a big night in his life — at long last he was getting around to meet the famous Tassels Brady. And when we found Tassels already seated at our reserved ringside table, well, I thought the

old guy would split a gusset.

Ephraim Busby is a widower, fat and fifty — but not exactly foolish. And last night he was in fine fettle. He sat there talking to Tassels and guzzling booze until I figured it would run out of his ears. But he held it nicely, I'll say that for him — about the only change I noticed was a nervous preoccupation with his hair. He kept patting and smoothing it in a way that was almost jittery, but it was a good head of hair — kind of pepper-and-salt gray in color — and I got the idea he was pretty proud of it. Which was all right with me — the hair was one of his strong points and it was obvious that he was knocking himself out to impress our charming companion.

And Tassels herself was terrific. She and Ephraim hit it off beautifully together, and in the hour or so before her strip-act they became bosom pals. Ephraim — “just call me Eph” — was staying at the Waldorf, and wouldn't the little lady meet him for lunch one day while he was here in New York? Tomorrow maybe?

The little lady didn't commit herself. But Eph was happy — gleefully so — and it was apparent that our venture was a huge success. The old boy was hooked, and I figured I was about ready to chalk up a score for Appleton Advertising. Especially with the *piece de resistance* — Tassels' performance — still to come.

By the time Tassels left us to get costumed for her act, old Eph was in a mellow mood. I tried to switch our conversation in the right direction — the ad campaign — but he would have none of it. At

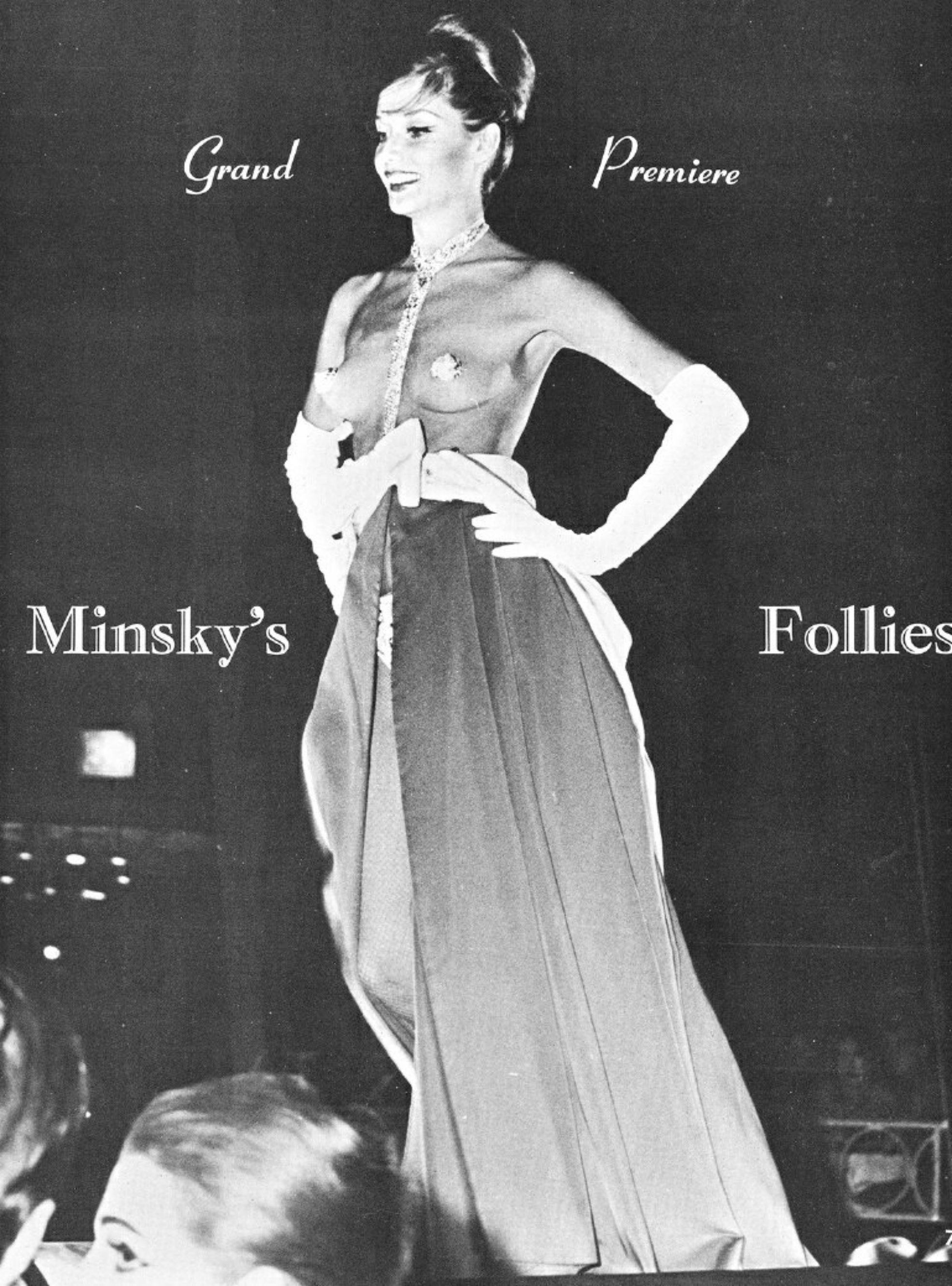
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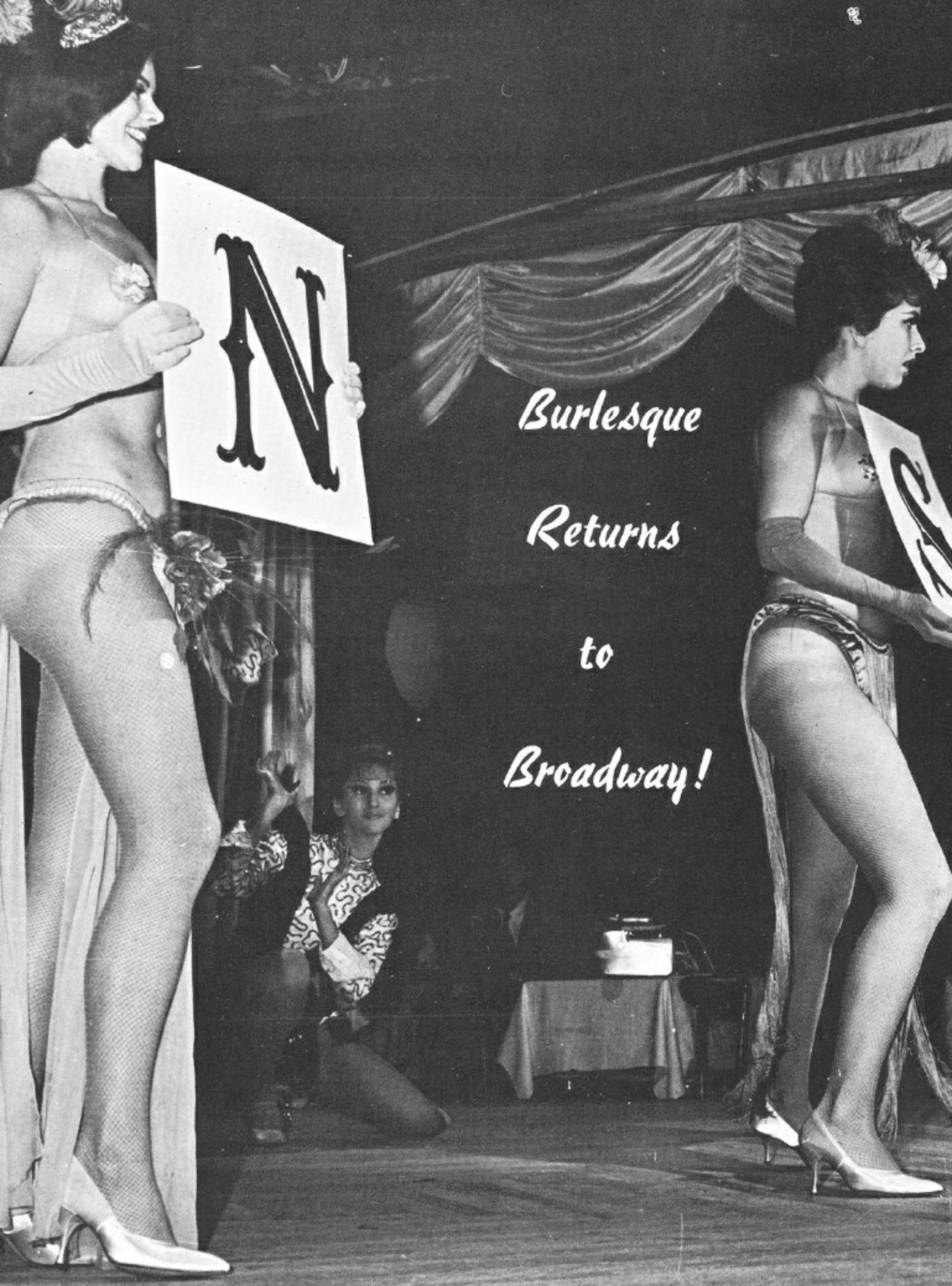
Grand

Premiere

Minsky's

Follies





*Burlesque
Returns
to
Broadway!*



Above & opposite: The glittering opening number titled "Minsky's of '32" — a revival of the 1st Minsky Follies.

— EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF THE NEW MINSKY SHOW —

The last issue of STRIPARAMA featured a ten page scoop with pictures of the Minsky Follies in the rehearsal stages. Now here's the promised follow-up: photos of the Opening Night with a stageful of the world's most exciting girls, adorned with an array of dazzling costumes, surrounded by lavish sets, and spiked with the broad comedy that's been sorely missed on Broadway for many a year. Three cheers for Harold Minsky, the undisputed "King of Burlesque," and the courage he displayed by lifting the curtain of censorship which has blacked out burlesque on Broadway since 1939!



... Sari Clymas as "Eve" with her entourage of showgals, and the comic dancer Jamine Alcoriza as "Adam" in part 1 of "Exotica Erotica," a spectacular "history of burlesque" ...





... Tina Marshall in a satirical presentation of the meeting between the Queen of the Nile, Cleopatra, and Marc Antony — again portrayed by dancer Jamine Alcariza ...





This page: A parade of perfect female forms . . . Page 65: More exclusive photos of Minsky's Follies . . .



Magda of the Crazy Horse Saloon



Le Strip

The true story of this apparently flippant Parisienne's life makes Mata Hari's seem dull! In her early teens she was a member of the Polish underground, was captured and put in a concentration camp by the Nazis, eventually ended up as a stripper in the famous Crazy Horse Saloon . . .



... A peek backstage



Dressing to get Undressed...



*in her spare
moments,
Magda
practices ...*



*a few
exciting
and
provocative poses.*

STORMY the STRIPPER!

by Stanton

NO, NO, NO, STORMY! YOU CAN'T GO RIGHT ON STAGE AND START STRIPPING... .. YOU'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR YOUR CUE! LISTEN TO THE MUSIC!

GOLLY! ALL THOSE NOTES SOUND THE SAME TO ME!



THEN WAIT FOR ME TO CUE YOU! I'LL WHISTLE LIKE THIS... (WHEEE WHEW ♪♪) THAT'S WHEN YOU START STRIPPING! (WHEEE WHEW ♪♪) GOT IT?

Y-YES SIR! (WHEEE) ♪ (WHEW) ♪



ONE WEEK OF WHEEE WHEWS LATER...

FINALLY SHE'S GOT IT! THAT WHISTLE WORKS FINE! SHE KNOWS JUST WHEN TO START STRIPPING!



THEY LOVE HER!! ER... OH! OH! STOP! (GULP) STOP, STORMY! QUIT! (WHEEE) ♪ (WHEW) ♪ OHHHH! I FORGOT TO TEACH HER WHEN TO STOP STRIPPING!



BURLESQUE'S BIG MAN: DAVE COHN

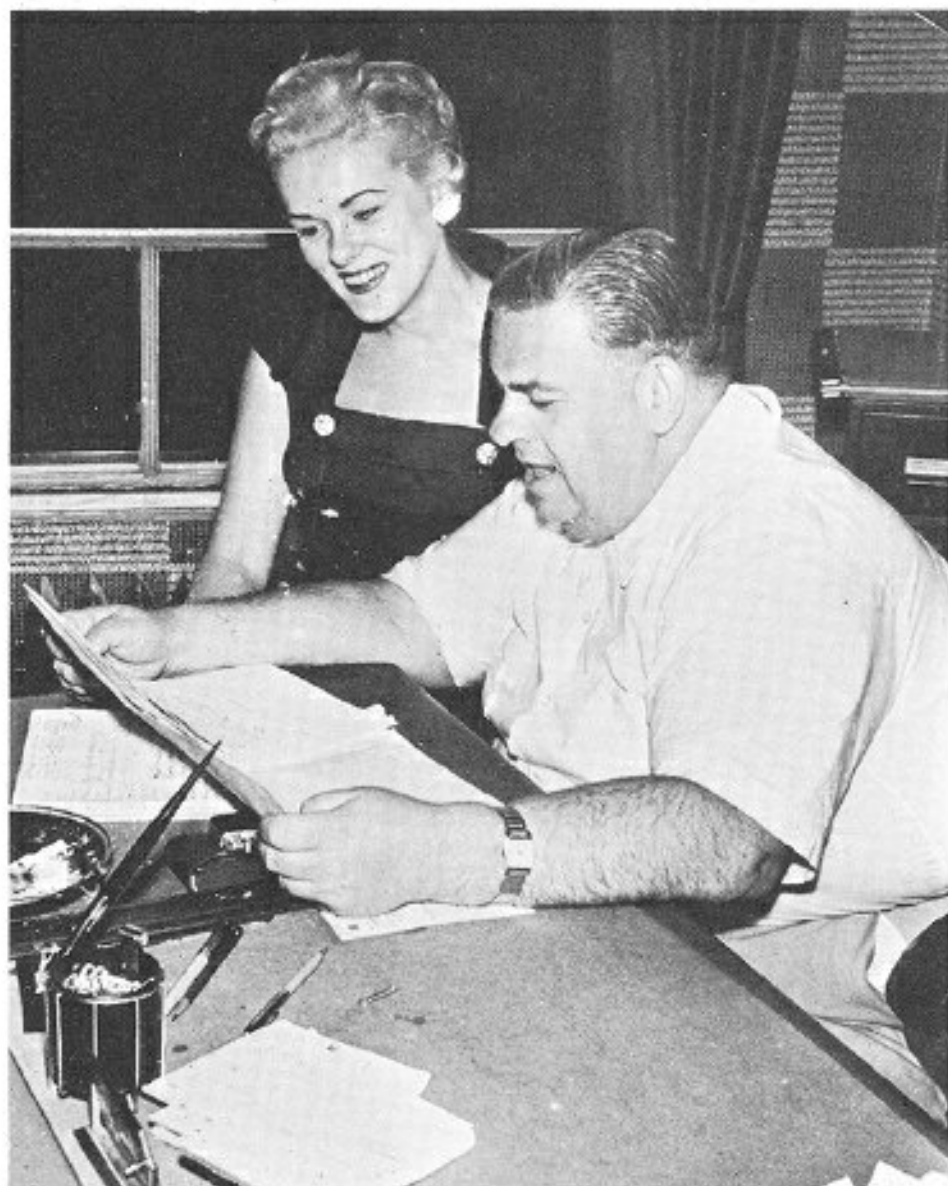


... A Photo Story ...

... Favorites from Dave Cohn's Files ...



... Brandy Martin ...



... Jessica Rogers ...

Need a stripper for the convention's stag party? For a week's run at a carnival in Oklahoma? Or for a plush wee-hour club in Miami?—If it's an exotic dancer you want, you go to the biggest burlesque broker in the country. Meet the man who sells packaged sex...



Above: Dave explains a new contract to the famous stripper Jennie Lee who says she wouldn't have any other agent.

Amiable Dave Cohn admits his is not a monotonous business. Through his W. 46th St. office streams a steady parade of the world's sexiest women — the nation's top queens of burlesque.

The 300 lb. 53-year-old bachelor books an average of 75 strip acts per week in nite clubs all over the country. But, says Dave, it's strictly business between him and the buxom beau-



... Tempest Storm ...

ties who swear by him as the best agent around. "Maybe in my younger days I wasn't immune, to their charms," he admits, "but now all I expect is 10%." The dancers are glad to pay it, too, because Dave knows how to keep them busy.

Dave has helped many a newcomer get started and is ever on the lookout for new talent. The current big boom in burlesque makes the demand for unusual acts bigger than the supply. He says there are probably 100 girls working in New York at one time, in spite of the recent clamp-down by authorities in most parts of the city. New Jersey burly-que houses are playing to capacity audiences. Chicago and Philly have over 50 girlie shows. And the biggest crowd drawers in Miami are the strip clubs.

The requirements for a stripper? "A girl must be able to walk to music," Dave explains, "and not as if she has two left feet, either. A good body is a must, of course, and a crowd pleasing personality." Such a girl can succeed in a remarkably short time. A newcomer makes between \$150 and \$200 a week. Big stars make \$500 and up, some even \$1500 a week.

... Jennie Lee ...



... Pat "Amber" Halladay ...





... Texas Sheridan ...

Dave's busiest clients usually have something a little different about their acts. Such as Jessica Rogers, who has "the best parakeets in town" — strapped in plastic cages over her bosoms. Then there's Zorita who does a snake act; Edythe Selwyn with her monkeys. (See *Edythe in this issue and on our cover.* —Ed.)

Dave defends the ethics of his business, says many a patron brings his wife along. "And most American wives could learn a lot from strippers if they want to hold their husbands," Dave points out. "The public wants strippers and burlesque, and I mean the nice public, not the morons."

Whatever one's opinion on the subject may be, there's no denying stripping is here to stay, and Dave Cohn is the king-pin for the procession of lovelies who visit his New York office continually. Some guys have all the luck!

"Monkeyshines"





New Star: Edythe Selwyn

Brand new young stripper is Edythe. Not that she needs a "gimmick" to attract admirers, but she has one-three playful monkeys who help her disrobe. That leather cape is lined with white monkeyfur! (See our cover.)







Now don't report Edythe to the ASPCA —she didn't personally skin those monkeys for that fabulous cape — it was the gift of one of her fans. Matter of fact, the "Three Noes," her monkeys ("Hear No," "Speak No" and "See No") are the short-haired



brown variety. Anyhow, Edythe loves them so much she wouldn't dream of skinning them.







... The Garter Girl ...

Lynne O'Neill



See Tomorrow



When Lynne O'Neill, the "Original Garter Girl" appeared on the cover of *Striparama* last year, the requests began to come in for more, more, more of the famous stripper. Now we have new, never-before-published photos of Lynne doing her hit "Zambino" dance and her always popular "French Dressing."





Maurice S.



It was SRO every nite when Lynne presented her new Afro-Cuban number, "Zam-bino" at Tony Pastor's. Since then she's made it a standard part of her repertoire. The frenzied dance depicts a "White Goddess" and incorporates authentic chants and movements as they were originally performed by natives.



... Another audience favorite is Lynne's original rendition of French Dressing" ...

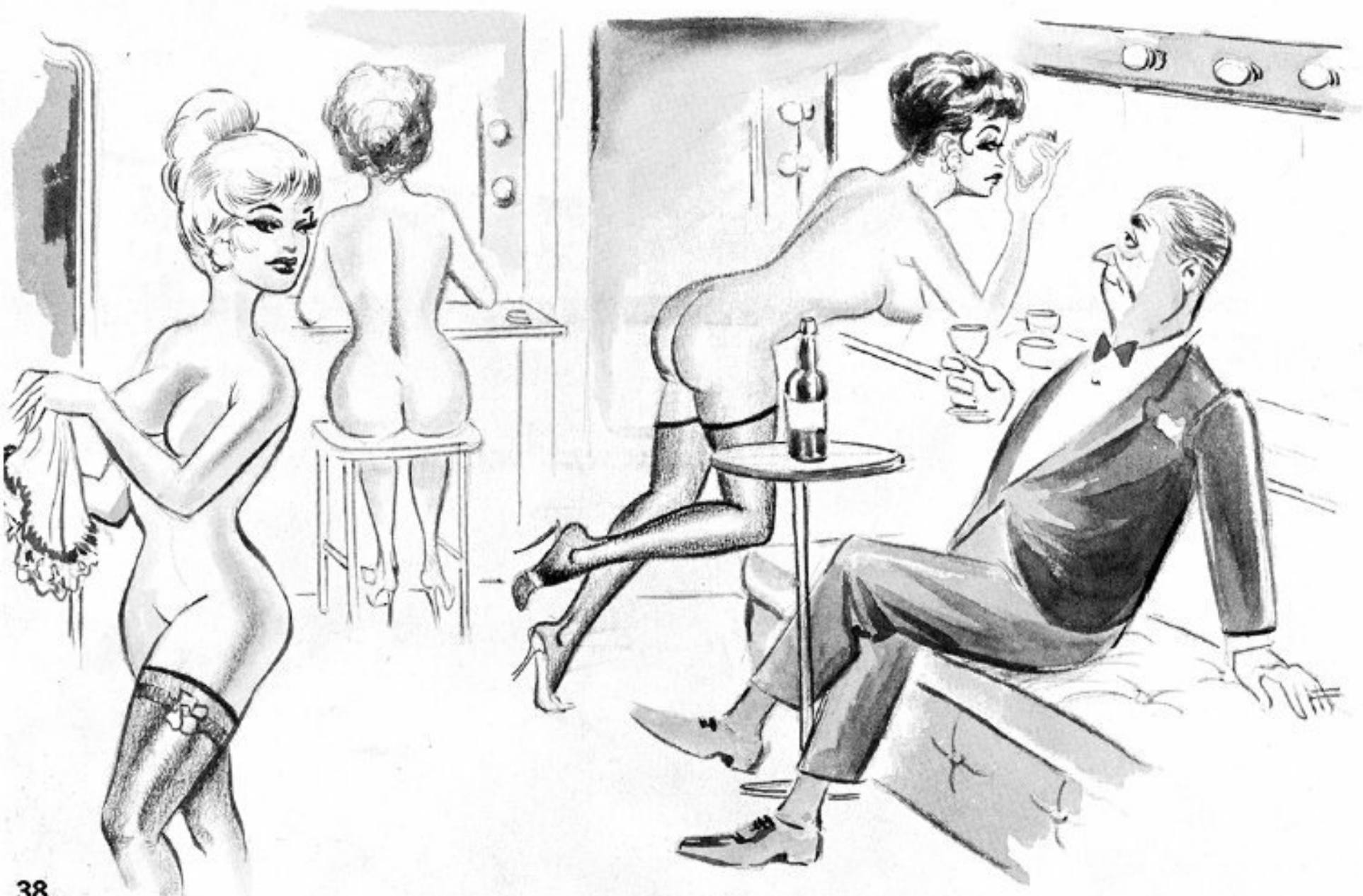


As an added bounty, coming up are two pages of Miss O'Neill in glorious color...





"YOUR USUAL TABLE, SIR?"



WHY WOMEN ENJOY WATCHING STRIPPERS!



—by—

CARLSON WADE

Women derive a sensuous thrill when watching strippers. Some shows are especially prepared to cater to females in the audience . . .

Women are flocking to night clubs and theatres throughout the country to enjoy the spectacle of strip-teasing. This scintillating form of entertainment which was originally thought to be "for men only" is now being enjoyed by females. They may attend the theatre by themselves, accompanied by boy friends, hubby or "sugar Daddy." Many of these women are just as stimulated by the sight of naked flesh as are men, according to all indications.

Just why do some women like to watch other pretty girls in a performance of gradual disrobing? The female instinct is supposed to be passive. The female is hardly ever given an opportunity to enjoy the body of her partner; rather, she is the one who is "used" to produce pleasure for the partner and in some vague manner, she is expected to have herself a good time. Suppose a female "peeps" when a man (or another female) is getting undressed. It's only natural that she would want to see how the other half looks. In fact, an occasional woman can become very aroused at the spectacle of nudity just as the male becomes a Casanova by this delightful condition. But females are supposed to be "genteel" and display indifference toward nudity in others, and even nudity in herself. Even on beaches or public bathing areas, the female is rarely courageous enough to really stare and scrutinize others, enjoying the blissful sight of nude flesh. Peeping Janes are rare — but the instinct is still there!

Eustace Chesser, M.D., writing in *Love Without Fear* declares, "Usually, voyeurism is regarded as solely a 'man's vice.' This view is entirely wrong. Many women like to witness erotic scenes, or to be able to watch naked men. But 'feminine modesty,' or a desire not to seem lacking in it, generally causes women to make certain that they are not likely to be caught in the act! Moreover, women can usually explain their presence on such occasions. Indeed, when discovered watching men displaying themselves, women have been known (with truly feminine lack of sportsmanship!) to denounce the men for insulting them!"

The instinct that urges most women to attend strip-tease show spots is that of voyeurism. Under these circumstances, she need not make any excuses for her seemingly startling requests; she just wants to see a night club show and she is entitled to see some stripping, if she so desires. She derives a sensuous pleasure by sitting at a table or in a seat in the audience, and watching as a whole bevy of beautiful girls do a dance, sing a little song and then slowly divest themselves of their clothing. The woman watcher may have an identification with the stripper; she imagines that she, herself, is playing the role of a glorious girl with a magnificent high-chested bosom; she becomes erotically stimulated when she glimpses heavy breasts being gently enveloped in a veil-like brassiere. The magnificent globules of the breasts of the strippers are exciting

to the female watcher who suddenly becomes aware of the beauties of the female body. The watcher realizes that she, herself has such an exciting and stimulating anatomy.

Some female watchers derive a sadistic pleasure when they see a stripper simulating an erotic scene. The stripper's bumps and grinds, in which her pelvis is moved in a violent clock-wise and counter clock-wise rhythm, subject her body to rigorous punishment. It is as if the stripper were made the "slave" of a master who compels her to perform in a sensuous dance. The female patrons who watch the stripper will often dream that they are forcing such erotic motions.

They delight in this reversal of roles. Usually, the average female is made the object of a man's pleasure. She is compelled to obey his whims, to surrender her body to his desires. Females who dislike playing the role of plaything for a male will give vent to their suppressed emotions while watching another female contorting her body in erotic motions.

Surely some female patrons would be hysterically overjoyed if they could see the spectacle of a helpless girl being ravished by a magnificent male specimen. But since most strip-tease acts feature females only, the best such patrons can do is dwell in happy dreams. Some time ago, Mae West caught on to this secret longing of female patrons. She cooked up an act in which she was the sole female attraction and surrounded by a dozen muscle-bound Lotharios. These were the ultimate

— Strippers the Women Like —

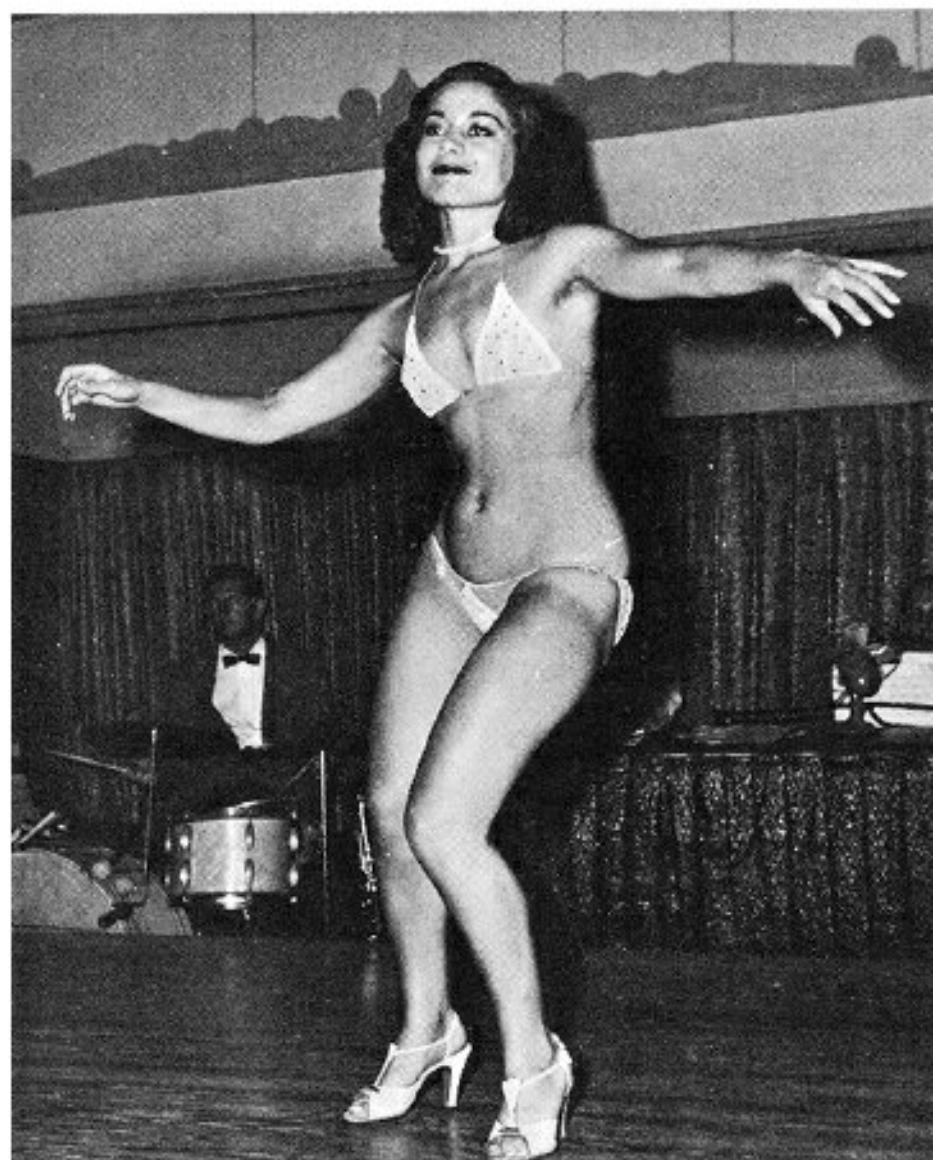


— Carol Shannon —

— Rusty Lane —



— Camille —



— Laura —

— Clubs Popular with the Ladies —



— The Moulin Rouge, San Francisco —



— The Little Club, Miami —

— Patti Griffin at Strip City, L. A. —

in masculinity; they were top level weight lifters, clad only in white toga and sandals. These muscle men did a non-descript "dance" around the incomparable Mae who would sing a little song that was suggestive of her power over all men who would do her bidding and who were slaves under her rule.

The show was a smash hit. There was no stripping, so to speak, but the sight of near-naked males who were part of Mae West's "harem" was enough to fill up the night clubs throughout the country, whenever she appeared. It is also interesting to note that often when this show was held, the majority of the patrons were females! In fact, many a performance nearly erupted into havoc when some overwhelmed female would break through the barriers, rush up on the stage and seize the toga of the astonished muscle men! This is quite a reverse twist. Usually, the male is the one who would like to seize the stripper's clothing and try to tear it off!

Such a female patron might derive a sadistic pleasure out of so humiliating the male, by denuding him. But since there are so few strip shows of this sort, the female must be satisfied with the sadistic enjoyment of seeing another female being undressed and "humiliated."

In New York, many shows are especially created to cater to female audiences. One night club owner told me, "Our female patrons are more obsessed with the naked breasts of the strippers than anything else. We design our pasties, the bra, the bodice part of the gown all with the female in mind. When we held a strip act with a Grecian backdrop, the gowns were made of



transparent silk, the color of a red rose. They clung to the girls, skin-tight. The sleeves were detachable. When a girl slipped out of these sleeves, she exposed a very revealing side view — her breasts were supported with a veil-like bra. As the girl danced, you could see her breasts bouncing around, but they were covered just enough to tease the patrons.

"As the stripper dropped her skirt, showing her long limbs and tiny panties, the audience really loved it — but the females were the ones who had the nerve to shout out, 'Let's see what you've got upstairs!' It's true that men want to see the same thing, but the female patrons get a strange pleasure when peeping at the bare breasts of strippers."

Other night clubs cater to female patrons by permitting their girls to go out on the runway and urging

them to pay more attention to the fair sex. One such burlesque theatre in New Jersey even held "Ladies Night" once a week, with phenomenal success. Only females were permitted to attend. The house was packed! The manager of this house said, "The female patrons really go wild when a few strippers come down the runway, cupping their breasts and bouncing them around."

Although female patrons may not be aware of the motivating force behind their urge to see other females strip themselves naked, they are really surrendering to their secret desire to have power over their own sex. Given an opportunity, women often love to dominate men. Then sensation of superiority over the opposite sex can also be quite stimulating to the libido. It is said that males are the aggressive sex simply because they dominate the females. This power arouses their erotic emotions. It is also believed that many "cold" women are frigid merely because they do *not* want to be dominated. Rather, they want to rule over the males! But such opportunities are rare. So the female seizes an opportunity to rule over her own sex. Mentally, she accomplishes this by watching the spectacle of a female who is compelled to strip off her clothing. The stripper is *forced* to denude herself, reasons the female patron, just as a prize fighter is forced to participate in brutalities for the benefit of his audience.

Strip-teasers really enjoy performing for females! One leading stripper who is a top billing success in houses from East to West and in some of the major spots in Paris, told me, "It gives me a different

(Continued on page 69)





...“Cup-Cake” Cassidy ...

Although sultry “Cup-Cake” has only been a stripper for two years, she has really skyrocketed to stardom, and is one of the highest paid and most sought after peelers in the country. These exclusive photos were taken at the beginning of her fabulous career — it’s doubtful that she would have the time (or inclination!) to pose for such revealing pictures nowadays. If you’re wondering why Miss Cassidy has had such phenomenal success

as a stripper, the photos on the following pages should supply at least two of the outstanding reasons!





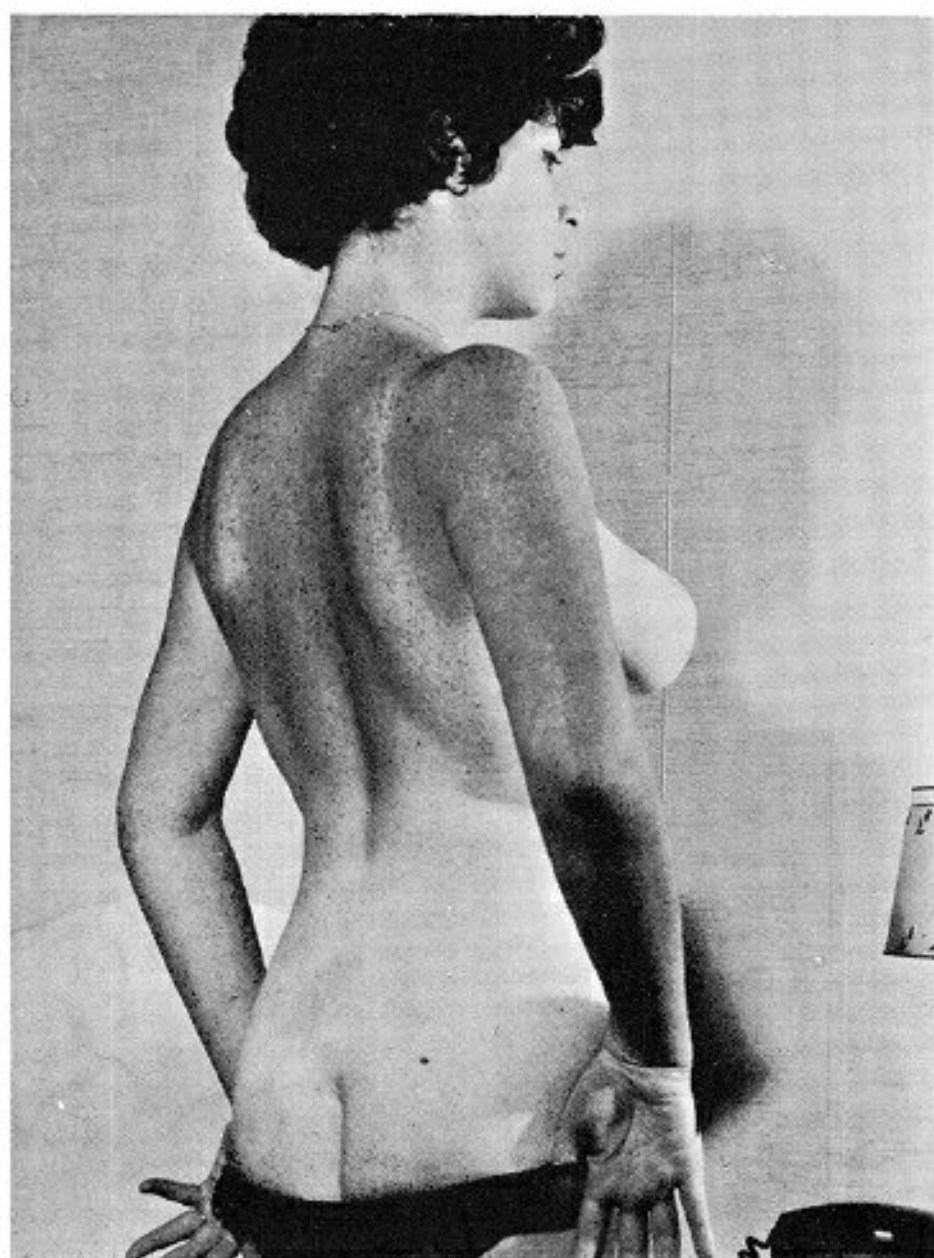


Patsy Parker

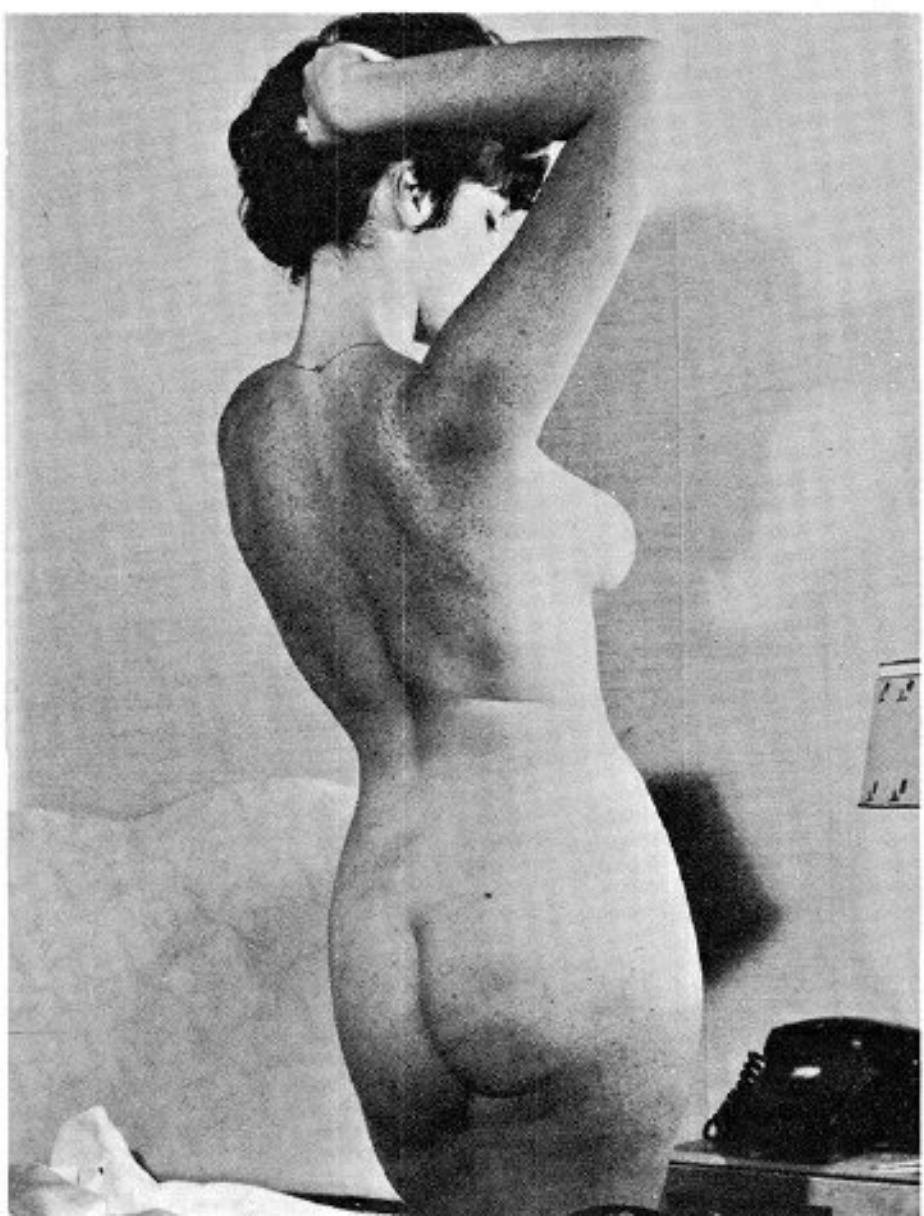


Still another "School for Strippers" has joined the list. This time it's in Baltimore where a student can "earn while she learns" since the advanced trainees put on special performances in some of the city's top clubs. Here's beginner Patsy Parker working on her "assignment". . .





... Patsy is learning that one way to excite a man is to tease, tease, tease!





... the "end result" of Patsy's "home work" !

LETTERS to the EDITOR



"FRENCH STRIPPERS"

February, 1963

To the Editor:

Those pictures you publish of French stripteasers are the most. Man, would I ever like to go over

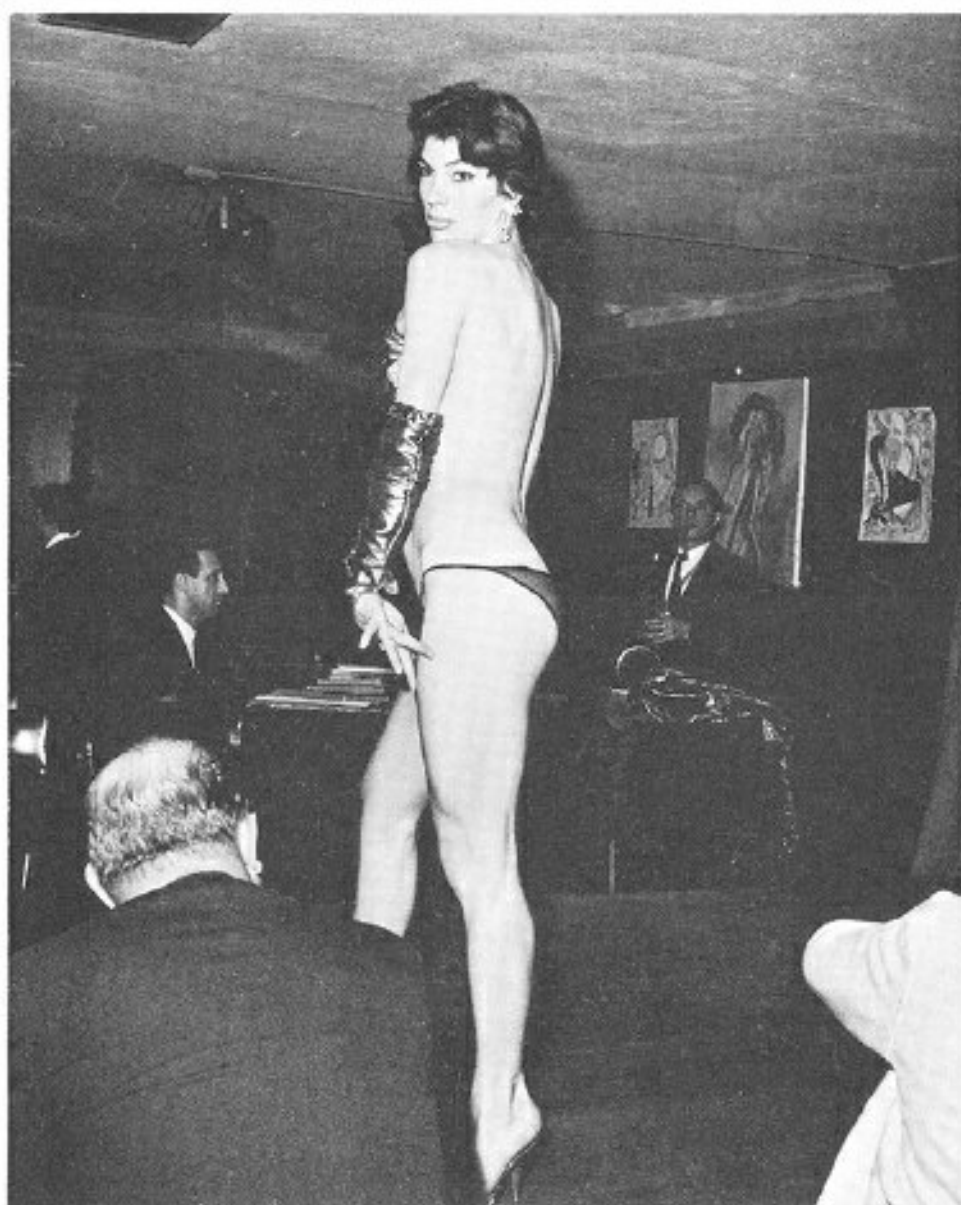
there and see them in person!

Meanwhile I'll have to be content with looking at their pictures. Please see if you can find any of a stripper

named "Bijou."

Gratefully,
V. J. D.

New Rochelle, N. Y.



... BIJOU ...

(for V. J. D., New Rochelle)

February, 1963

Dear Selbee:

Last year in Paris I saw a stripper named Linda Romeo. Do you know if she's still there and if so, where she's appearing? I'm planning another trip and hope to catch her terrific act again.

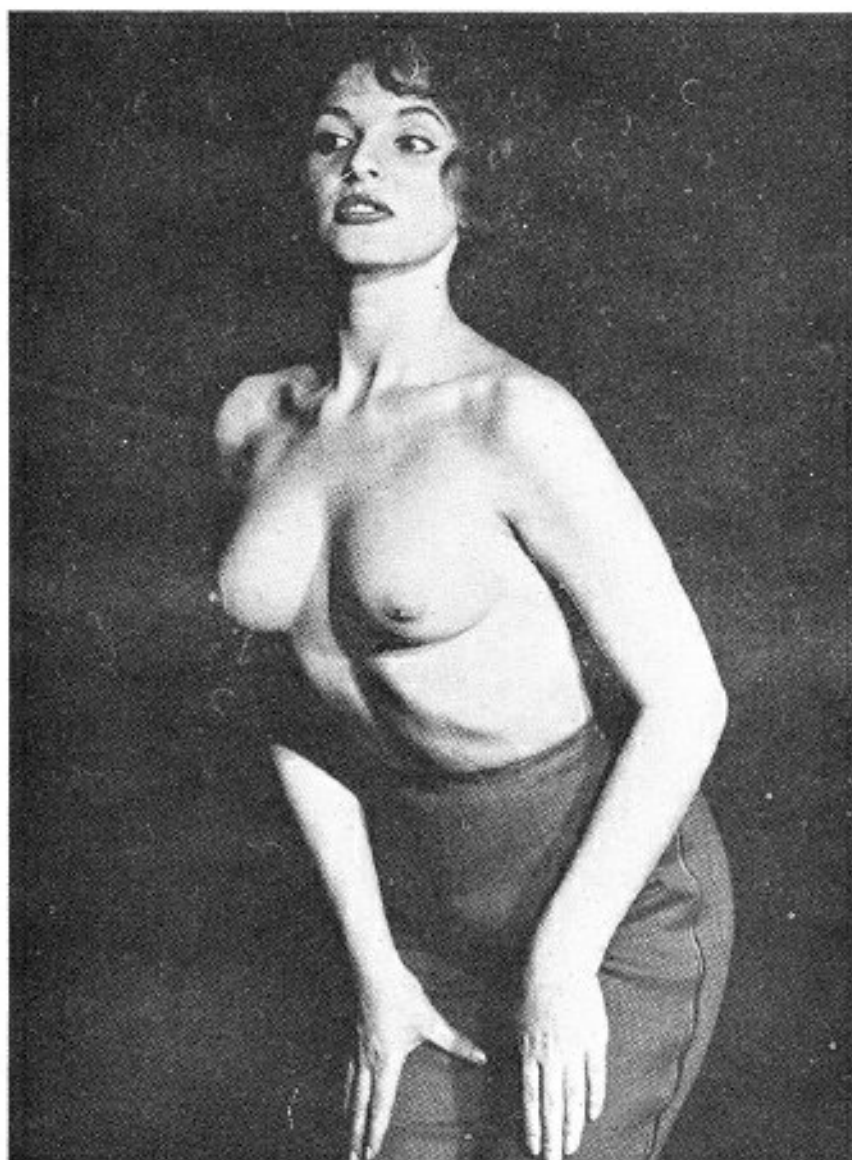
If you have any pictures of her you could print I would sure appreciate it.

Vive la femme!

... O. A. M.

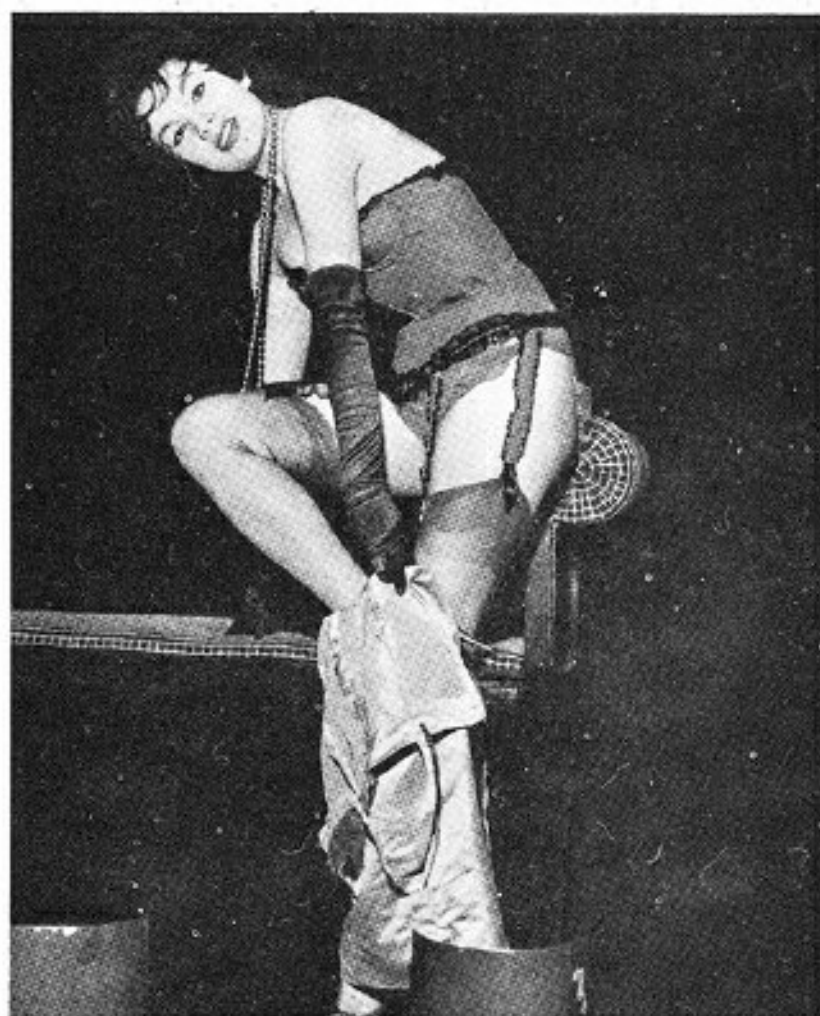
Denver, Colo.

(Provocative Linda is the star stripper at the famed Crazy Horse Saloon of Paris. — Bon Voyage! —Ed.)



... LINDA ROMEO ...

(for O. A. M., Denver)



"BUBBLES"

To the Editor:

Next time you're showing those "candid" shots of strippers in their own homes, how about some of the cutie "Bubbles" Darlene?

Yours truly,

L. T. G.

Richmond, Va.



(This is one "Bubbles" sent recently, snapped in her kitchen. —Ed.)

"BUBBLES" DARLENE ...
for L. T. G.







"ORIENTAL STRIPPERS"

February, 1963

Sirs:

Your burlesque magazine is okay but I'm surprised you haven't shown pictures of Japanese strippers. The art of burlesque has become a big business in Japan since the war

in the world, including France.

So, how about it, Selbee?

... P. B. N.

St. Louis, Mo.

(We're aware of the burlesque boom in Japan but photos of the oriental lovelies aren't too easy to get. Before the year is out we plan to send a lucky photographer over to get some exclusive shots — meanwhile here 're some pin-up of Minh Kim, presently a star stripper in Tokyo. Sexy Minh plans to come to the U. S. later this year. —Ed.)



... MINH KIM ...
(for P. B. N., St. Louis)

and to my mind the shows over there are better than anywhere else



... TEMPEST STORM ... 40"!

(for C. O. L., Brooklyn)



"BUSTIEST STRIPPERS"

February, 1963

To the Editor:

Your "Striparama" is the only magazine on the stands worth reading where strippers are concerned. Please print some more photos of the two bustiest gals in burlesque, Tempest Storm and Jennie Lee. I know you've shown them before, but we fans never get enough of these two queens.

Sincerely,

C. O. L.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"CANADIAN STRIPPERS"

January, 1963

Dear Editor:

You are to be commended for the nice magazine you publish . . . titled "Striparama." I have copy of Vol. 2 No. 1 and in my opinion it is the best I have ever seen. The photos of Tempest Storm, Tee Tee Red, Naja Karamuru, Gina Bell, and Rita Atlanata are out of this world.



... JENNIE LEE ... 42"!

... in Canada we also have talent and beauty and it is for this reason that I am writing you. The accompanying pin-up will prove it ... This young and beautiful charmer calls herself Valerie London. This dark-haired beauty is only 5' 2" but she is hot weather all the way down the line.

... She proudly stretches the tape over the 40 inch mark at the superstructure ... matched with a tiny 26" waist and well rounded 40" hips ... She only weighs 128 lbs. but is full of pep and action from head to toe.

... I am sure Valerie would be honoured and grateful if you would care to publish her pin-up which is most revealing and attractive.

Sincerely yours,

F. M.

Joliette, Que., Canada

(Sorry we didn't have space to print this flattering letter in its entirety, but we're glad to print Valerie's photo and — always glad to hear from complimentary readers!

—Ed.)



... ERICA ...

(from B. G., N.Y.C.)

"ENGLISH STRIPPERS"

February, 1963

Gentlemen:

In Vol. 2, No. 2 of "Striparama" you showed pictures of an English stripper, Angela Dixon. I thought your readers might like to see some pictures I took back-stage at a London burlesque theatre. They show a stripper named Erica practicing her act.

Keep up the good work with your fine magazine!

Very truly yours,

B. G.

N.Y.C.



... VALERIE LONDON ...

(from F. M., Canada)



"WEST INDIAN STRIPPER"

Februaury, 1963

Dear Sirs:

I am what is known as a "burlesque buff," and have been since I used to play hooky once a week to catch the Minsky shows at his old Broadway theatre. Nowadays burlesque consists mainly of strippers and I see every act I can as I travel in business all over the U.S.A.

... am sending you some photos of a stripper your magazine has somehow overlooked. She's Ruby Richards, one of the world's most successful teasers. Ruby was born in the West Indies. She made her debut on the stage at 17 in Paris' Folies Bergere. Over there they

billed her as "La Pearle Noire" . . . Lou Walters brought Ruby ("The Black Pearl") and she was to the U. S. for his show at the haled as a new Josephine Baker. Desert Inn. Any idea where she is now? She has a body equally as good, and to my mind, a prettier face — and she, too, is a superb singer and actress. She performed for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and the Marquis de Cuevas at Biarritz.

. . . M. E. M.
Boston, Mass.

(Ruby is currently appearing at the New York Latin Quarter. —Ed.)



. . . RUBY RICHARDS . . .
(from M. E. M., Boston)



"AMERICAN STRIPPERS"

January, 1963

Striparama Editor:

I say cut out pics of all these foreign dames. Give me an American gal every time for beauty and talent.

... One of my favorites is Mary Rooney. Saw her in Baltimore and she was a knock-out. Whatta built!

... T. J.

Hartford, Conn.

"WEST COAST STRIPPERS"

February, 1963

Dear Selbee:

In one of your recent issues you published a picture of Marcia Eddington for a reader.

... thought maybe the same reader or others might enjoy seeing these shots I took of beautiful Marcia and her friend Vicki Raye

(also a well known West Coast stripper) taken at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles.

Your magazine is getting better all the time. Hope you will soon enlarge it so we fans can see more pictures of more beauties practicing

their art.

Very truly yours,

H. V.

Los Angeles, Calif.

(Thanks for the photos of two favorites ... and note that this new issue has eight more pages. —Ed.)



... MARCIA EDDINGTON .. (from H. V., Los Angeles) ... VICKI AND MARCIA ...



TASSELS

(Continued from Page 6)

the moment, his sole topic of interest was the wonderful, the marvelous, the unparalleled Tassels Brady. And that was okay as far as I was concerned; first things first, I figured, and he'd never turn down the guy who was responsible for their getting together. Like I said, I was sitting on top of the world.

And it was sure comfortable . . .

Then the lights dimmed and the orchestra launched into brassy action — and on came Tassels. The spots picked her out of the darkness, emphasizing her blonde hair and white skin. Fully clothed in a green gown and a mink stole, her dark eyes flashing fire from under fringed lashes, she went into her dance. Strutting, swaying, slinking across the floor in languorous movements, she was great. Eternal womanhood, the promise and fulfillment of every man's dream.

Eph was fascinated . . .

What the hell, so was I. Business or no business, I like nothing better than a good striptease act — and there was none better than Tassels Brady. In clothes she was a gorgeous hunk of sex — and out of

them, well, there was no one like her.

At first it was a simple strip, slow and easy and beautifully done, more dependent upon grace than gimmicks. But she had a gimmick, of course — in the nightclub circuit every peeler has to have one. And she wasn't called "Tassels" for nothing.

The gown came off . . .

The crowd roared, whistled and stamped its collective feet. The sight of those tassels was enough to make a corpse rise from its coffin. Provided it was a male corpse. Although the women in the audience seemed no less enthusiastic than their men.

They hung from the tips of her big breasts, those wild tassels, and she knew how to do the craziest tricks with them. The rhythm of the orchestra turned torrid and now with blonde hair flowing and creamy flesh gleaming, the temperature of Tassels Brady's dance went up to match it. She flung herself about in the center of the floor, hips catapulting in classic bumps and grinds, bosom heaving, red lips parted and laughing. But it was the tassels, those crazy tassels, that stole the show.

She swung them in curves, in circles, in geometric patterns that were more complicated than a baton twirler's routine. And when she finally hit the high spot, the point where they whirled around and around in opposite directions, the mob went wild.

But good buddy that she was, she hadn't forgotten me and my eager client. Tassels swinging, she minced toward our table in tiny steps — a twin-engine prop-plane about to mow us down. Closer she came, closer, and then the crowd could

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see just who she was putting on her special show for. Every gaze was fixed on those spinning tassels as they narrowed the distance between the dancer and her quarry.

And the quarry loved it. Ephraim Busby's eyes were bulging from their sockets, following those double circles.

Closer she came. Closer. Until the tassels were scant inches away from Eph's flushed face. And then — abruptly — as if the pilot had lost control of those twin propellers, something went wrong.

Very wrong . . .

They moved at the same moment, Tassels Brady and old Ephraim Busby, and in that gosh-awful split-second the best-laid plans of Appleton Advertising went flying out the window.

A tassel hit old Eph's hair, tangled in its strands and then kept on whirling. Whirling around and around — with every eye in the house right on it.

And the hair went around with it!

Only it wasn't hair, of course, it was a pepper-and-salt gray wig and now it looked like some bedraggled piece of cat fur. And Ephraim's bald dome was shining like an oversized light bulb.

The audience roared with laughter. And dammit, even with financial disaster staring me in the face, I had to laugh, too. So by the time I quieted down and got smart enough to cut the act short — well, the damage was done. Completely humiliated — not even waiting for Tassels to untangle his wig — the old man got up from the table and walked out of the place.

At 11:43 last night . . .

Yeah, that was the time exactly.

I remember glancing at my watch and feeling like a man witnessing his own execution. And right now, sitting at my desk at Appleton Advertising and wondering how long it would be my desk, I knew that the sharpened ax was about to fall. What the hell, I just couldn't make up an alibi for the big boss. And he'd never believe me if I told him the truth.

The intercom buzzed and I checked my watch. "Okay," I said wearily to my secretary, "you don't have to tell me. My fifteen minutes are up — right?"

"Yes, sir. But there's a phone call for you. A Mr. Busby. Do you want to talk to —"

Holy smoke! I cut the girl off and grabbed the phone. "Mr. Busby? Say, I'm sorry about last night. I tried to follow you after —"

"Hey, slow down, Tommy boy. Just slow down and listen to your old buddy Eph. About last night, son — hell, water under the bridge, let's call it. No real harm done."

"You mean it? Thanks, Eph, you don't know how grateful I am. I figured you'd never talk to me again."

"Oh? Well, I'm the grateful one, Tommy boy. That damn wig of

mine — I never should have worn it in the first place. And when Tassels told me how much she liked me without —"

"Huh? You saw Tassels?"

"Saw her? Dammit, boy, I married her. She brought it over to my hotel last night and we just picked up where we'd left off. We flew to Maryland and tied the knot. How about that?"

"Congratulations," I said weakly.

"And congratulations to you, Tommy. Just get those papers ready for me and I'll sign them."

"Yes, sir . . ."

"But it won't be for a couple of weeks yet, laddy. After all, you wouldn't want me to interrupt my honeymoon, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Okay, Tommy. I've got to hang up now. Here comes my pretty baby. And damned if she hasn't got those tassels on again."

The wire went dead in my ear. I lit a cigarette, and my fingers were no longer shaking. My fifteen minutes was up and I was due for that session with the big boss. But I was in no hurry. No hurry at all. Let the big boss wait and stew awhile. What the hell, wasn't I *still* the boy wonder of Mad Avenue?

THE END

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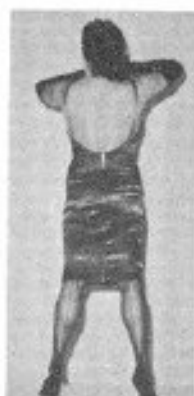
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Minsky's

Follies

Continued from page 12

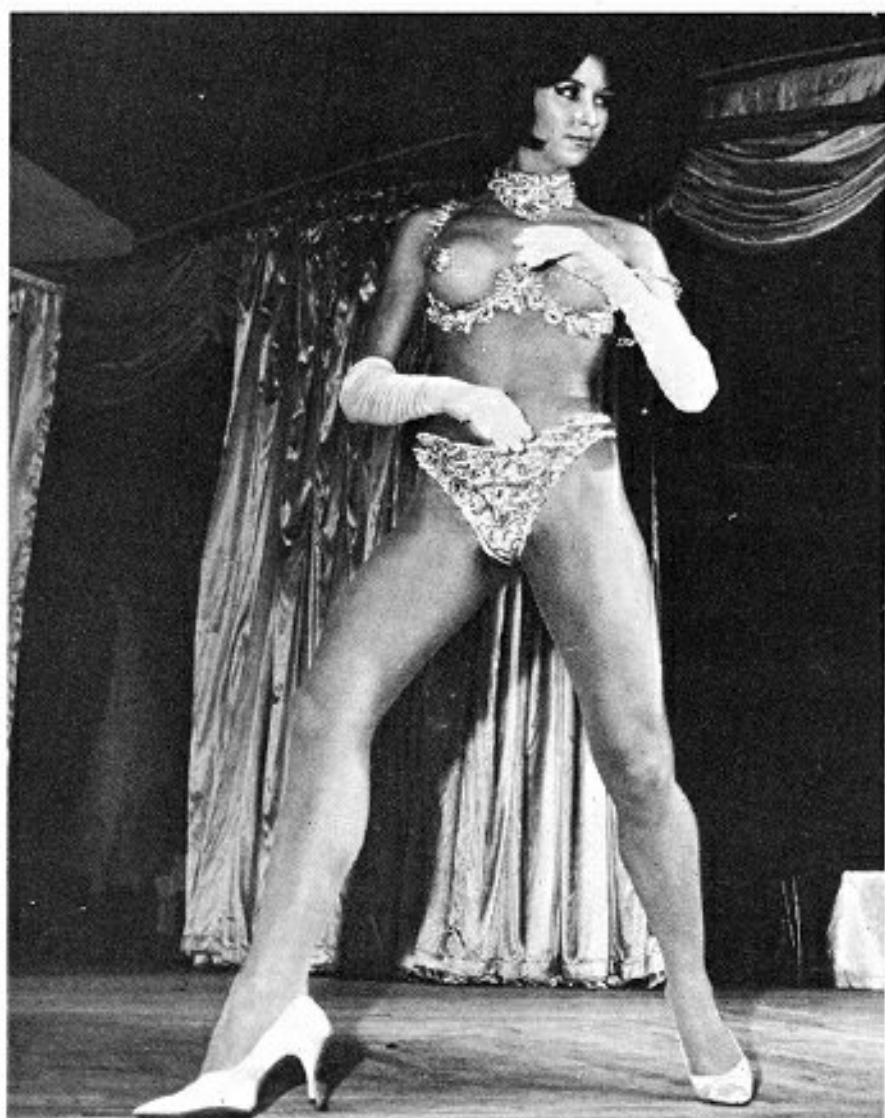
... The Minsky Girl '62 ...

Marion Miller





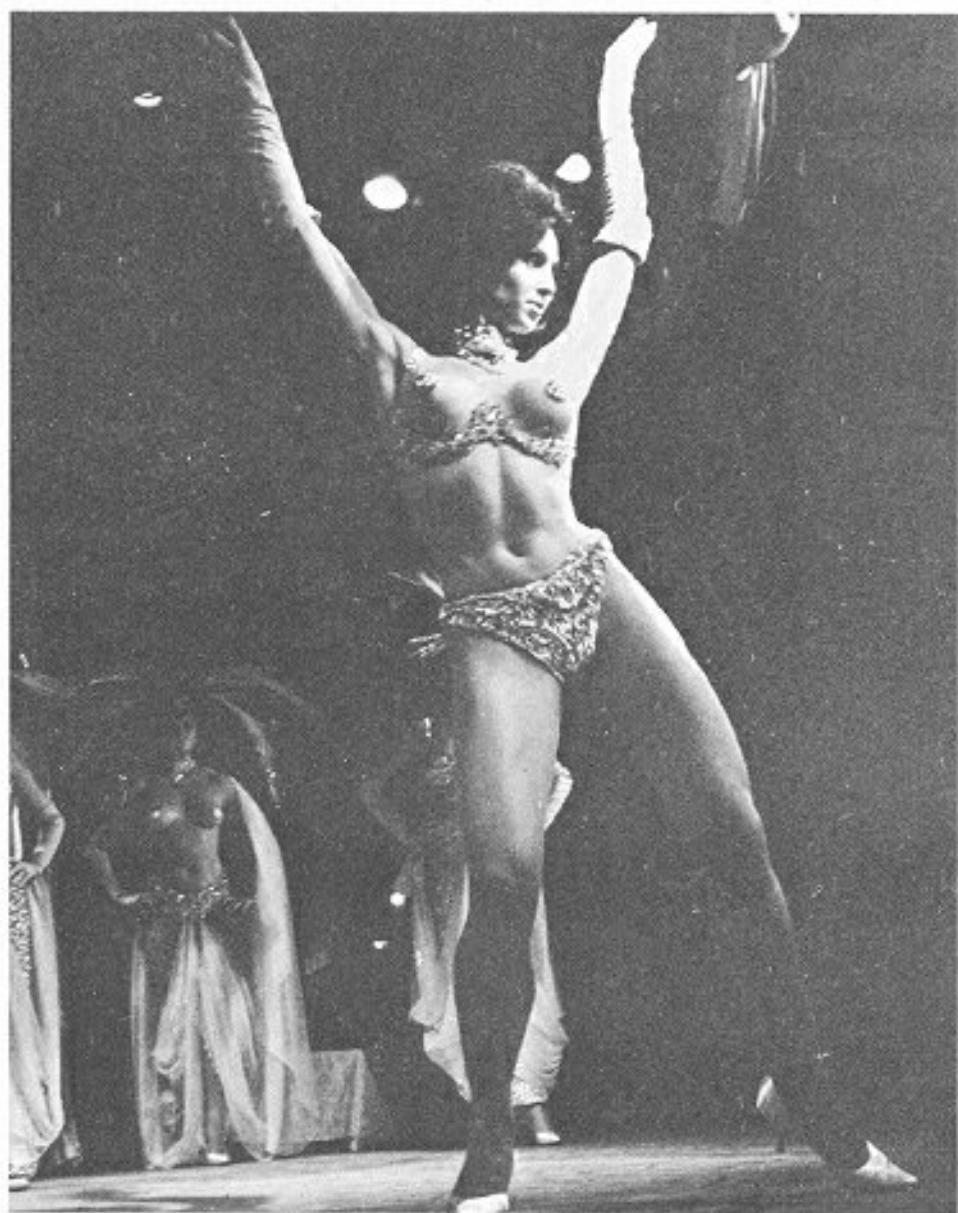
Dressing room smiles are a sure sign the show's a success! Dancers Anna Lisa and Rani Sanford are shown relaxing in this candid shot taken backstage between acts . . .



Gorgeous Marion with the almost unbelievable "super structure" goes into her strip act . . .



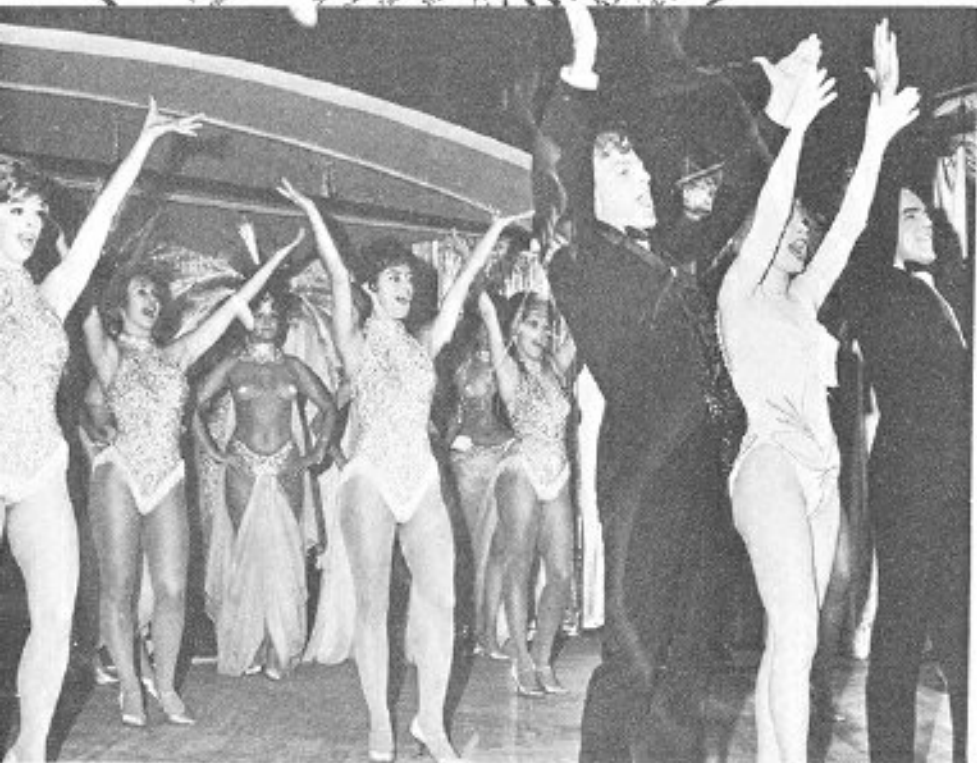
Burlesque comedians Irving Benson & Jack Mann with showgal Dyane Thorne in a hilarious skit, "Court Room" which is a nostalgic reminder of the "good ole days" . . .



The shapely singers, "Les Baby Twins," belt out the witty lyrics to "Double Entendre."



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WHY WOMEN ENJOY STRIPPERS

(Continued from Page 43)

feeling to strip for females. I think that females really appreciate the beauty of the body — more than the males. There have been some all-male audiences that I've stripped for. The men regard my body as something erotic, something to take advantage of. Sometimes, if I dance too close to the edge of the runway, a man will reach out, grip my flesh, hurt or bruise me. There was one time when the seven-inch high heel of my dancing shoe suddenly cracked off. I tripped and fell right down on my fanny — and I was on the runway, too. Do you think any man reached out to help me? No. But they grabbed my veils and my pantaloons and ripped them to shreds. I've still got the black and blue marks where some excited male grabbed my flesh and refused to let go."

Furthermore, this top stripper said, men in the audience are usually erotic-minded when watching the performance. "They've got their thoughts on *one* idea — no appre-

ciation for the way I dance, the beautiful costumes, the clever gimmicks of the act. No, they just want me to get as naked as possible and then . . . well, I wouldn't want to be alone with them for a minute!"

When asked about the reactions of females in the audience, this leading peeler smiled happily. "Females really show respect! One time I had peeled down just to pasties and a G-string. That's all. The audience was exclusively female. I danced on the runway, surrounded by other peelers who had done the reverse — they had started with just pasties and a G-string while I started out fully dressed. The more they put one . . . the more I took off. It was a cute idea. In fact, the female patrons cheered me because of this clever method — no male would ever show such gratitude. Well, as part of the final routine, I was surrounded by these fully dressed girls — it only made me look all the more naked, you know. The contrast, that is.

"We were on the runway and I

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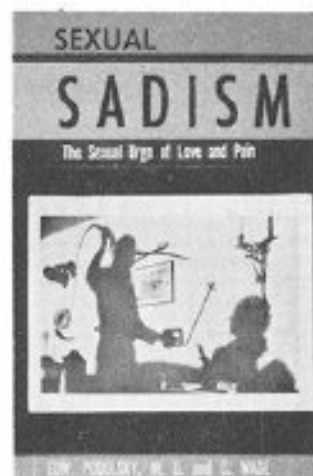
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got down on all fours — hands and knees. While singing a little ditty, I moved my body as close to the audience as I could without falling off the runway. Some of my lyrics dared any of the patrons to grab hold of the tassels on my pasties and yank them off. In fact, one lyric called them sissies because they were afraid of my innocent little G-string. I bounced my breasts in all directions. I revolved my chest, I shook my hips. My breasts hung down like twin melons covered with a pretty little rose for a pastie. Do you think that *one* female touched me? Nope. Not a single one even dared to touch the tassels on the pasties. But they applauded, they cheered me and they shouted their admiration for my body.

"Just imagine if there had been one man in the audience." This top peeler made a wry face. "He would have ripped off my pasties and G-string and Heaven only knows what else might have happened. But women really show courtesy to the female body — that's why I, as well as many other strippers, prefer performing for the so-called weaker sex."

Although many female patrons are reluctant to divulge their reasons for attending strip-tease performances, I managed to get a few confidential explanations. Following one strip-tease show in New Jersey, I struck up a conversation with some female patrons who had shouted lustily, "Take it off!" throughout the whole performance. We met on the sidewalk and I asked them just why they delighted in seeing naked bodies of females. To begin with, they all said they were here without the knowledge of their husbands.

The first, an attractive redhead in her early 20's with a pair of hips that nearly burst from her tight skirt, said in a hushed tone, "These strippers give me some ideas. I mean, they know how to twist their bodies so that the men really love them. After all, if men go wild by a stripper's movements on stage, imagine how my husband will be when I try it out on him. But he's not supposed to know where I got the idea."

Another female patron was built as though she could have been the star attraction. She wore an orchid colored silken sheath. Her twin mounds of flesh were punching through the sheer silk, threatening to plunge free. She had an unbelievably narrow wasp waist which only emphasized her flaring hips that could be compared to a Grecian urn. Her heart-shaped face was framed in a cascading waterfall of spun gold hair. Her lips were a gash of scarlet on her milk-white face.

"Why do I, a female, like to watch strippers?" Her sea green eyes became misty. "Well, first of all, I'm curious. I like to see other females in the altogether. Do they have huge breasts, are they well shaped? Are their shoulders soft and smooth? Do their hips jut in the shape that excites men? Don't ask me to explain how I feel about it — but it gives me such a thrill to see the naked body of a show girl."

A strange pair, 'tis true. But they may be classified as typical of the thousands of females who throng to the strip-tease show spots. From all indications, they may soon outnumber the male patrons. Who's complaining?

THE END



... But teasing isn't the only way!

Another sure-fire method of making hormones whistle is to dress a pretty girl in black nylons, high heels, and little else. That's what happens on all 72 pages of our companion publication, **HIGH HEELS** No. 4 — now on sale at your favorite news dealers. Don't miss it!





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